do so you have to leave what I shall at once call history, what is indeed no less than the consciousness of the race itself. Beyond that, at any rate, you are within the period of great indistinct stock-movements—Aryan, and the like—with mystical names cropping up even in scientific books, such as Ur of the Chaldees, which are best left to the scholars. Any way, 450 B.C. is a respectable antiquity, putting our own 55 B.C. into the shade. But by 65 B.C. the Polynesian had migrated, probably before another Aryan invasion, to Java and the islands of Indonesia, the real "Hawaild/' or home of the race, whence they set out, the call of the sea in their ears, on their great voyages. Roughly they were in Fiji by 450 A.D., in Samoa a hundred and fifty years later, in Hawaii by 650, and in the Marquesas, settled, a generation later. There were Polynesians in Tahiti about 800,—

before Alfred burnt the cakes. Then followed periods of voyages, here and there, up and down, in the Pacific, even as late as 1250 there being occasional communication with the old home in Java. And while during the next fifty years sundry voyages were made to New Zealand, it